

The Bismarck Tribune.

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BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1880.

NO. 37

NEWS AND NOTES.

—Wood is ten dollars per cord at Bemidji.

—A terrible storm raged at Fargo Saturday last.

—Dennis Kearney's family are said to be in a destitute condition.

—Grand Forks is about to have a re-union of the oldtimers of '71.

—For the fourth time in the present century Lake Zurich, Switzerland, has frozen over.

—The *Primer* says that diphtheria, pneumonia, and croup are over plentiful at Fort Meade.

—The Reno committee recommended a crusade, but Gen. Sherman favors suspension for old soldiers.

—A Russian vessel with 2,000 soldiers aboard went down with all on board recently in the Caspian sea.

—An annexation society has been organized in Montreal, Canada. They want to be governed by the United States.

—The H. H. Chenies have not all deserted their country. One celestial whoopt up on a Moonbeam wash board.

—Chicago should be called the city of "hurts" instead of Brooklyn. She has nearly four hundred of them but still a wicked fit.

—Barstov, president of the Indian commission, says that he has been furnishing the dispute over the states under an assumed name.

—The Janesville *Advertiser* is increasing in size, and publishing supplements, despite the *troupe* station that there is no paper at that thriving city.

—Ex-Gov. Pinchback, the colored politician of Louisiana who was raised a scion in the U. S. Senate, will be nominated naval officer of the port of New Orleans.

—Dedwood's recent election to decide town organization resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the home, only about 200 votes being in favor of the additional expense.

—Senator Ferry, of Michigan, made the momentous speech on the death of the late Senator Sumner in the U. S. Senate, Wednesday last. Speech was made by Senators Bayard, Blaine, Anthony, Logan and Morris.

—The donations in this country for the relief of the distressed districts will climb up to higher dollars. His Holiness, the Pope, has contributed \$2,500. Three deaths from starvation occur this week in County Louth.

—Congress, of Michigan, known in Congress as the "C. A. African Objector," objected to allowing the political disabilities of fugitives on the ground that the petitioners fled to the state as the war between the Southern states and the United States, instead of the war of the rebellion.

—Secretary Evans recently gave a dinner to the foreign legations, said to be the most elaborate ever given at a private residence at the capitol. The soup came from France, the salmon from Maine, the turkey from Rhode Island, and venison from the mountains of North Carolina—and many courses from other parts of the world.

—The secretary of state has learned through diplomatic sources that Germans and France have formed an alliance for the construction of a ship canal over the Isthmus of Panama, and he has had an interview with Captain Lade, of Getty Lane, upon the feasibility of crossing the isthmus by the dock system, so that should complications arise between this and European nations, this country would be on the defensive instead of the offensive, as would be the case should another nation commence the work first.

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler is described by Miss Bessemer in a letter to the *Philadelphia Evening* as "the most popular American official in Europe," being the recipient of numberless invitations to social dinners and card-table breakfasts. Mr. Schuyler is consul general having a similar position at Constantinople and was formerly secretary of legation at St. Petersburg. He is a son of Hon. G. W. Schuyler, ex-attache of New York, and great grandson of Gen. Anthony Schuyler, of the revolution. His brother, Lieut. Walter Schuyler, is a popular young officer of the 5th Cavalry, and at present an aid to Gen. Crook's staff.

Amusements.

—Manager Whitney made a decided hit when he obtained the charming Miss Douglas, the dashing serio comic vocalist. Her bewitching ways and pretty figure has done much toward filling the house the past week in opposition to various other entertainments. Miss Wells still continues and is undoubtedly the best singer ever upon the Bismarck stage. Her sister will be here next week and the two will sing their duett specialties which are pronounced very fine. Gerin and Hayden still remain to please and are excellent general and specialty artists. Tommy Levard always brings down the house in his Irishish rishes and break-downs. Miss Peasley has left for the Hills, and Blanche Granger's engagement has also terminated. Miss Granger is a fine singer and one of the best general performers in the country. A pleasant feature of the Opera House is the music. Messrs. White & Stone are thorough musicians and it is a treat to hear them play.

REALM OF THE ROVING REDS

THE NORTHERN SIOUX REPORTED ON THE WAR PATH.

Sitting Bull said to be Alone in His Camp.—The Raid on the Unkpapa Camp.—Revenge of the Gros Ventres.

RAINY DAY.—AFTER.

FORT BUFORD, D. T., Feb. 2.—On the 28th ult. the Unkpapas raided the Gros Ventre camp near Glendive, capturing a herd of ponies and crossing with them to the east side of the Yellowstone, made their escape without losing a brave. Early on the morning of the 29th a party of Gros Ventres started on the trail of the hostiles determined to overtake them and recapture their stock. After a hard ride of forty miles they reached the Unkpapa camp and at eleven o'clock p. m., on the 29th, the Gros Ventres warriors, chanting their war song and yelling defiance to their old enemies, fiercely attacked their camp.

THE FIGHT WAS A BLOODY ONE though not lengthy. The Gros Ventres re-captured their ponies and inflicted some punishment upon the Sioux, killing ten of them. Their own loss is three killed and several wounded. This morning a larger party of the Gros Ventre soldiers under Bob-tail-bull leave the main camp at Glendive to pursue and fight the hostiles. It is understood that Bob-tail-bull, who last summer was elected chief of the fighting men of this band, will keep the trail with a determination to win a great name among his people as an alleviator of their wrongs. Great excitement prevails along the Yellowstone and some apprehension is felt by the settlers along that river, especially in the vicinity of Glendive, at the presence of these roving bands of hostiles.

WILLIAM CONNORS,

a mail carrier between Fort Keogh and this point, left Glendive yesterday morning with the eastward bound mail and when only a few miles out was attacked by a party of Sioux. He had a close call, but succeeded in making his escape after an exciting chase, reaching Morgan's ranch, twelve miles this side of Glendive, just ahead of his pursuers. A rumor reached here last night that this ranch was surrounded by the Indians, the inmates not daring to leave the building. This ranch is a repair station of the military telegraph line and as there are a number of men usually stopping there, would, no doubt, give any party of Indians a warm reception should they rashly attack them.

LATER ADVISES

STATE that the Indians have retreated from Morgan's ranch, probably thinking the place too strong for them and have pitched their camp about four miles from that point.

LATEST ADVICES.

FORT BUFORD, D. T., Feb. 5.—The destitute hostiles at Poplar River held another council on the first and at its close announced their determination to surrender their ponies and guns the next day. They say, "We are tired, we are hungry, we want rest, we want food; at my father's fort house there is plenty, and to spare, therefore we become good Indians, we surrender our arms and ponies and become farmers." The Yanktons are skeptical and say their good resolutions will vanish like "heap smoke" when spring arrives and the grass is green. Gull, one of the chiefs concerned, has once before surrendered to Capt. Baldwin, of Miles' staff, but he did not prove faithful to his agreement. The hostiles are reported as scattered along the upper Missouri in different camps from Wolf Point up. Seven lodges are at Spread Eagle, on the opposite side of the river, and the old story is again revived that:

SITTING BULL HIMSELF IS ALONE at the camp. People from the upper country seem to look with distrust upon this surrender movement, thinking that when the Indians will have procured food and become once more fatigued upon the rations of the government, they will leave the agency and resort to their old tricks. Bobtail Bull's party has returned, failing to overtake the Sioux, although the chase was prosecuted with great energy. The Sioux abandoned their lodges and camp equipage, and having their ponies in two bands only one of which was captured by the Gros Ventres, they made good their escape. The bodies of the Gros Ventres killed in the fight were recovered and buried. The Sioux probably lost several of their braves as large pools of blood were found in the abandoned lodges.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

A PARTY WHO MIGHT HAVE PERISHED IN THE STORM.

Last evening was not much of a night for sleigh-riding but it was a great night for fun. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen repaired to the residence of Mr. Cameron, about four miles from the city, and were kindly received by that gentleman and his wife, assisted by Misses Maggie Cameron and Mary Falconer. Dancing and other amusements combined to make the affair one of the jolliest of the season. It is a good thing that Mr. Cameron left a light burning in the window, for when the party turned homeward the storm was raging to such an extent that even the old pioneer Hurd lost his way, and, after wandering around for about an hour, returned to the scene of their evening's sport only to find that the rest of the party had had a similar experience, and also returned. All joined in the exclamation, "We won't go home till morning, because we do not know the way," and danced on until daybreak. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Bragg, Mr. and Mrs. Call, Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Bird, Misses Bird, Curtis, the Misses Bentleys, Misses Powers, Green, McDonald, Maenider and Liley; Messrs. Bragg, Hurd, Bowen, Emerson, Pye, Westfall, D. H. and W. Falconer, Eisenberg, Kenney, Bigelow, Bushby, and others.

WOULDN'T GO BACK ON HIS MOTHER.

On the cars the other day a little four-year-old said, "Mother who gingersnaps do you like best, auntie's or grandma's?" "Auntie's," was the reply. "Oh-h-h mama," said the urchin, "I'd never say that anybody's things were better than my mama's." There is the pure metal in that boy. "No boy will ever turn out bad who has planted in his heart so pure a strain of filial love. What is there in life that yields so much pleasure as love of home and mother? Where is there anything in heaven or earth to compare with domestic bliss?" The child that worships his mother, or if she is gone, who lives in her memory and still labors to please her will never come to a bad end. And so the wife who loves for home, husband and children, never permitting any one or anything to supplant them in her affections, is more likely to pass along the shady side of life in peaceful bliss, while she who cares not for home, comfort or interest only bitterly at the end. From the days of Eve to the present time the wife who finds more pleasure in the society of strangers than in that of her own household finds at the end distress; and from the days of Cain to the present time the son or daughter who sacrifices their home pass through the world with a mark upon them.—The mark of an outcast stamped upon every feature.

THE IVY.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather last Tuesday evening the attendance at the third re-union of the "Ivy Club," held at the residence of Col. E. M. Brown, Third street, was good and the gaiety of the scene afforded a striking contrast to the harsh discord of the elements without. Among those present were noticed Misses Jessie Sweet, Jessie Maenider, Hattie Bentley, Nellie Bentley, Anna Bentley, Sadie Reed and Loo Loo Brown. The opposite sex were represented by Messrs. Sherwood, Cramahan, Craig, Falconer, Bird, Bragg, Bushby, Frank Brown, and others. The next meeting will be held at the residence of Mr. Justus Bragg, on Main street, near Seventh, and none should miss the rare musical treat that will be provided. The echo is afloat that this will, in the near future, give their pretty friends a dramatic entertainment, and then bring considerable talent in the society. The *TRIBUNE* predicts much success for the "Ivy."

DICK HERBERT'S BENEFIT BALL.

The benefit ball given at the Sheridan House Tuesday evening, was perhaps the greatest success, in a financial way, of any similar entertainment given this season. The large hall was more than full, about forty-five couple being present, and over five hundred tickets were sold. One hundred were sold in Fargo, and the Fargo band was expected and for delayed trains would have been on hand. The object of the entertainment was a very beneficial one. Dick was one of the faithful railroad boys and lost his limb while on active duty. The receipts of the ball will enable him to purchase an artificial limb which will be a decided improvement over crutches. A large number of Mandan and Fort Lincoln boys attended, and a jolly good set they are.

BENNETT FOR ANOTHER TERM.

[Elk Point Courier.]

Now that Judge Bennett is fully initiated into the workings of congress and knows what the needs of those he represents are, it is wise to give him another term, and not to do so would be evidence that we are not capable of appreciating what is to our interests and be a wrong to our energetic delegate. Mr. Bennett is doing as much for Dakota as any man could with his chances. Being put to the disadvantage of laboring in a Democratic congress, his success will be the result of hard labor. Then we say, give Delegate Bennett another term, and the territory will not suffer.

ETCHINGS OF ELECTRICITY

BLAINE VICTIMISED BY A SUSPENDED FRIEND.

UNIMPORTANT CONGRESSIONAL NEWS—

GRANT IN CUBA—MORE ABOUT THE HAYT INVESTIGATION.

—NUBS OF NEWS.

(Special Dispatch to The Tribune)

GOVERNMENT TRANSPORTATION.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 2.—The opening of the bids for government transportation took place to-day. Aiken, Powers and Leighton had the lowest bids for the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers, the three combining to beat the Coultsons. Grant Marsh had the lowest bid for ferry between Bismarck and Fort Lincoln; John A. McLean has the lowest for Dakota, and Broadwater, of Miles City, Montana overland transportation. It is thought that the official figuring will not change these bids.

WASHINGTON WAIFS.

(Special Dispatches to The Tribune)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—Storrs, before the committee on ways and means on the reduction of the steel duty, claimed that none of the great railways wanted a reduction. The Legislative committee on the investigation of the Kentucky State Prison report the condition as horrible. Defective sewerage and bad ventilation have superinduced all kinds of diseases. Ex-Senator Morton's son failed to receive a confirmation for collector of the port of San Francisco. The Senate Monday will consider a bill directing the Secretary of the Interior to ascertain the amount of land entered by the location of military scrip in Western States, and after ascertaining the amount shall pay to those States five per cent of the amount received. The Senate bill amending the census law was passed. It requires among other things that enumeration in cities having 10,000 inhabitants be made in two weeks from June 1st, 1880, instead of four, as the law now stands. Numerous other bills were discussed without action.

THE HOUSE SENATE BILL.

for the conversion of National gold bonds was passed. Bills were introduced making silver certificates receivable at the United States Treasury in redemption of circulating notes of issue of National Banks. The rules were again discussed, and the amendment, giving jurisdiction over the appropriations for public buildings to the public buildings committee was adopted—160 to 81.

WAS BLAINE SOLD OUT?

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 6.—Blaine's friends claim that he was sold out at Harrisburg by Bingham, who pretended to speak for Blaine.

HE MUST HAYT HIMSELF.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—The investigating committee in the Indian department unanimously reported very damaging to the Hayt committee, and find Hayt was interested in the purchase of the Wasbun mine. Edward Knapp, an agent so-called, being in fact Hayt's son, using an assumed name at his father's suggestion, Hayt's delay in investigating Hart is positive evidence of complicity.

TIME'S SICKLE.

Ex-secretary Borie died yesterday.

GRANT IN CUBA.

HAVANA, Cuba, Feb. 6.—General Grant and party went to Matanzas to visit the caves yesterday.

WORSE THAN REPORTED.

MONTRÉAL, Que., Feb. 6.—The late accident on the French railway at Chilay was more disastrous than at first reported. Eleven people were killed and 60 wounded. Count De Pugberrat was among the killed.

THE EARTH SHAKES.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—Shocks of earthquake were felt at Condon, Arizaba, Techucan and Vera Cruz, Mexico, on the same day as in Cuba, Jan. 22.

WHAT A PLEASANT POINT.

Another shooting scrape took place at the Point last night. Louis Melvin keeps a saloon, and among others who visited the place last evening was a man named Parker. The outfit became rather noisy after a few hot drinks and Parker was in the racket. Louis is a small man and fearing Parker would get away with him tickled him in the ribs with a couple of twenty-twos, one bullet going through his just below the heart. Parker, after discovering that he had been shot by Melvin, pitched into him and gave him a good "pummeling." Parker was brought to Bismarck and is now undergoing repairs at the Merchants while Melvin languishes in the county jail.

PURELY PERSONAL.

Col. Sweet is recovering rapidly. Emmons and Linn are expected on the next train.

Lieut. Legget left Wednesday for his post, Ft. Keogh.

H. F. Douglas, of Standing Rock, arrived this morning.

Miss Clara Liley returned from her eastern visit yesterday.

Lieuts. Chance and Varnum attended the ball Tuesday night.

Paymaster Smith and clerk, Seward, arrived from Mende yesterday.

Capt. Spalding and family, of Fort Custer, arrived Wednesday night on his way to his post.

Capt. Constable recently post quartered at Lincoln, and family went east on Tuesday.

Mr. L. M. Harriman returned from his home in Green Bay, Wis., yesterday. He comes back to remain.

Robt. Roberts went to the hills Sunday. He has a number of teams there that he wants to look after.

Ex-Mayor John A. McLean, west east on Tuesday, on his train, of business connected with government contracts.

Mr. D. T. Flannery, formerly signal observer in this city, is now in charge of the Memphis, Tenn., office.

Conor Quilan went to Fargo this week where he will remain for a few weeks. Quilan's popularity in Bismarck is not limited to either sex or color. He is a jolly good fellow and tends strictly to his own business.

H. H. Day, of the firm of Day & Plants, is also absent. Frank Geist is running the institution in the proprietors' absence. It is rumored that both of them are absent on important business, upon which depends their future happiness.

FROM THE FRONT.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD EXTENSION NOTES.

Peace and plenty in the Bad Lands.

The Northern Pacific mail carrier has been very sick but is now improving.

Robt. McKee has gone up the Little Missouri exploring. He is

THE PARTING WORD.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
I must leave thee, lady sweet.
Months shall waste before we meet;
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors keep their ocean bed;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark;
Through thy tears, O, lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shall be grown,
Taught too well thy wild despair
Dims thine eyes and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last
Round thy chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out!"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creature in!"

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thy flock with smile and song;
But thy lips unweaned as yet,
Lisp, "O how can I forget!"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive;
Eve was duped, and Helen kissed.—
How O, how can you resist?

First be careful of your fan;
Trust it not to youth or man;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchiefs all;
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;
Shorter ell than mercers' clip,
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in troops
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes,
All the hemp that Russia bears,
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretched the line,
Would not hold the lovers true,
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt, or they will die;
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies;
Let them die in welcome too;
Pray, what better could they do?

Fare thee well! If years efface
From thy heart's burning trace
Keep, O, keep thy hollowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet.
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often, love as now!

A BATTLE STORY.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Henri," said the young German, as he turned the precious railway pass over in his hand.

The American Minister is a splendid fellow, and your acquaintance with him has been worth something. Now I shall escape this horrible siege. Hurrah for the Rhine! How I wish you and Louis were going with me."

"Not we, Becker, my friend; our place is here. I care very little for that, since Lauri and Mathilde and the old people are safe south of the Loire."

"Give my love to Katrina, and tell her that I shall fight as hard as I can against her darling king, and these swarms of her destroying countrymen."

"She will love you none the less for that, I think," said Carl. "Good-bye."

The two strong right hands were wrung hard for a moment, but no other word was spoken.

The De Rosats, though patriotic, had been wise, and they had left in Paris only those of the family who were able to fight the Germans as well as help consume the stores of provisions—the only reliable garrison of the beautiful city.

Carl was safe, thanks to the American Minister, but the bitter siege dragged on through week after week of the terrible winter, until the enemy within began slowly to wax even more menacing, in its deadly silence, than the thundering foe without.

The famine was likely to prove stronger than King William.

Henri De Rosat had seen little of his brother Louis since the siege began, for Louis was an officer of the engineers, and his duty had kept him on the outer lines, but one frosty morning they met in the Place Vendome.

The brothers had really too much to say to talk a great deal, but each, as he looked in the other's eyes, could discern that deep and mournful shadow of the siege which will never be forgotten by any of those whose lives were darkened under it.

"You keep your flesh marvelously, Louis," said Henri. "I am daily growing thin, both in soul and body."

"Because you are penned in the city," said Louis, "while every day I can see beyond the siege from the fortifications."

"But the Germans, Louis, you see them also."

"Yes, but I am mining nowadays, and I make myself merry by thinking that, perhaps, I shall dig my way under them, and come out into the bright world beyond. I believe I could do that or anything else to escape the siege. How I envy those balloon men. They get out."

"We too, may get out," said Henri. "My gay hussars and I are to have our chance to-morrow in the sortie."

"Your gay hussars?"

"Yes, indeed. We have eaten our horses, but we shall charge in our hussar uniform. Perhaps we shall capture mount. I could charge a milliard of Uhlan if I saw any hope of cutting through."

"You will not. We shall none of us get out. The city is doomed."

The last words came in a deep, solemn, sepulchral voice, and the brothers turned quickly as they recognized it.

A tall, broad, blue-eyed man, in a dark blouse, stood near them.

"Dr. Spielburg?" exclaimed Louis, "why man alive, I thought you had been killed!"

"They will not give me a chance. I look too much like a German, and so, because I am a physician as well, I am forced to do hospital duty instead of fighting these vandals that have burned my home in Alsace."

"This is a good duty for you, too," said Henri, "the best of duties."

"But I learn things there, and I have learned that Paris must fall."

The brothers looked at their stern, sad-faced friend, and at each other; and as the shadow of the siege settled more and more heavily over them, they muttered only a few more sentences, and then separated to their duties.

That was a long day to Henri de Rosat, but it would have been longer had it not been spent in preparations for the grand sortie on the morrow.

He worked like all the rest, with a fierce and feverish impatience, which found relief in repeating over and over the most trivial duty.

Then came the long hungry sleepless night; but that, too, passed, and the sharp, clear, frosty morning found the young officer leading his dismounted hussars rapidly across the frozen mud.

Hours went by, for the struggle was extended over a wide area, and there were many fierce fluctuations of success and failure, but as yet Henri and his hussars were compelled to fight on foot.

Long hours they were, and all the while Henri could hear or feel nothing but the urging instinct within him that seemed to be continually—"Forward!"

Then came a maddening turn of the battle, a whirl of doubt and disorder, and with it a cloud of charging Uhlan that seemed to be sweeping all before him.

But just then a flash of lightning seemed to come down through the smoke and out of the reverberating thunder of the guns, and Henri felt himself so dazzled and blinded by its sudden blaze that for a few moments he lost the record of events.

He felt as if some shot had swept him bodily into space, and Henri knew that he was falling.

Such a fall—so very long and far.

Could it be?

Yes, there was no shock.

The terrible descent had been broken by something soft, and Henri heard voices around him.

"Yes, Major Becker, your friend is all right. It was a terrible cut, but he will come to himself soon, now that the fever is going down. He must have good care to pay him for sending you out to us. How is your shoulder?"

"Oh, Carl, he will get well?"

"Yes, Katrina dear; and he may be thankful to have escaped from Paris even by so harh a way as this."

"Carl, Katrina!" faintly exclaimed Henri. "Are you here? Where am I?"

Neither Carl nor Katrina could have exactly related what was said or done in the next few moments. Henri least of all, but as his brain grew clearer the young Frenchman learned that for ten days he had been living in a German field hospital, delirious from a sabre cut in the head, and that, by fair fortune, both he and Carl, who had been wounded in the same great sortie struggle, had been nursed by Katrina herself, for she had given her services to the wounded almost since the beginning of the war.

"Now I have my reward," she said.

"Bless you, Katrina," said Henri.

And then he added,

"Poor Louis! I have cut my way through, but he is still in Paris, and the American Minister cannot send him out. Poor Louis! he does not command a horse company."

Evidently Henri's brain still suffered from the sabre cut, but he was right about poor Louis.

That morning he and Dr. Spielburg met again in the Place Vendome.

"De Rosat, my dear fellow," said the surgeon, "you use too much stimulant; you are a ghost already."

"But you don't know, Spielburg; we are working underground like moles in the dark and cold, and I do not know at what moment we may break in on their counter-mines, or be blown higher than this column here."

"Mining? Ah! Well, you must be careful; you cannot dig your way out, you know."

"Perhaps I shall," said Louis, with a weary, melancholy half smile; and the stern doctor shook his head doubtfully as the officer of engineers turned on his heel and strode away toward those outward lines, over which the shadow from the city had already crept and settled.

Mine and countermine.

Each side felt sure that the other was working at that; but the French did not time, I am tired out now. I'll go back into the mine and lie down. Put out the lights please."

"Somehow too much at once," said Dr. Spielburg to himself; "but I think there's no doubt that I can bring him round, now that the siege is over."

"To think that so many of our poor fellows should have developed these symptoms. I'm glad now that they put me at hospital work."

Not a human being did he see, though the scanty lights were burning blue and dim in the foul air.

There lay the tools, however, for he had made his way to the further terminus.

"I at least will work," said he to himself; I am ahead of time, and they will soon be here."

As he tore down the soft earth and loose gravel with pick or spade, he cast it hurriedly behind him, for the men to take it away in their barrows, but it was long before they arrived, and he had so piled it up as almost to wall himself in.

Then he heard voices, and knew by the ring of the tools that the men were there, and had begun their work, but he never paused.

"If we could only make such headway as this all the time, we would dig to the Rhine in a week," he said aloud.

And he pried his spade with more frantic energy than ever.

The men, too, as if animated by the example of their officer, toiled as Louis had never known them to toil before.

But for all that they were compelled to send for another and another squad of helpers, to keep pace with the avalanche of matter that kept pouring back into the mine by the wonderful work of their leader.

"More men!" shouted Louis. "I feel as if I could make work for a regiment. I am going deeper now under them all, and if no water comes in, we shall be beyond their mines by daybreak."

There was now no sound in the long tunnel but the rattle of the barrows, the click of the spades, and the loud, quick breathing of the diggers.

It was a long night, and sometimes Louis half wondered that no relief came. But he was not at all fatigued yet, and as for his men, he had never seen such willing fellows.

"All Paris could get out through this mine, or we could let in all France by it," he muttered, "but it seems as if I had been digging here for a week. There is no such thing as knowing when it is day away down here in the mine. Ah! what is that?"

His exclamation seemed to bring its answer, and Louis dropped his spade in astonishment, for a dim, but fast increasing ray of light came pouring through thin and crumbling walls in front of him.

"I must have dug out into the valley of some kind, and that may be bad. But what is this? Iron? Little bars? How came they here at the end of the mine?" He grasped the bars firmly in his hands, and pressed his face against them, for broad daylight was now pouring through into the mine, and all his men had swiftly fled and disappeared.

Poor Louis!

His was bitter disappointment, for right in front of him, in long and serrated array, were slowly glittering by the lances of German horsemen, and the spiked helmets of German foot.

"I've missed my distance, alas! and come out among them?"

"Louis, my poor boy, I am glad you have stopped digging, there is no use for it now."

A hand was on his shoulder, and Louis replied, for he knew the voice.

"Why not, Dr. Spielburg? What does all this mean?"

"Mean! Why, that the siege has ended, and Paris is now within the German lines. You are at the front window of the old Maison de Sante, in the Rue de Rivoli, and King William's troops are marching in. He is Emperor William now."

"And I? What does it all mean?"

"It means that your digging and your bare food and your brandy are ended, as I told you they would, and you have worked your way out of the siege for the past three weeks under my own care."

"You would have mined out of it if I had left any tools in your reach. I have thought yesterday that your fit would break it in day or two."

"Then the siege is over?"

"Over!"

"Doctor!" sharply exclaimed Louis, "do you see that Uhlan Major on the white horse? That is Carl Becker."

"Yes, I have already had a letter from him. Henri is safe and well, and may soon be at liberty now."

Louis loosed his hold on the grating, and turned his eyes away from the glittering column.

"Do," he said, "tell me about it some other time. I am tired out now. I'll go back into the mine and lie down. Put out the lights please."

"Somehow too much at once," said Dr. Spielburg to himself; "but I think there's no doubt that I can bring him round, now that the siege is over."

"To think that so many of our poor fellows should have developed these symptoms. I'm glad now that they put me at hospital work."

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

One of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrain the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and, thus equipped, he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then haulled up, and the diver, after taking a breath, plunges again. The source of the copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some 500 or 600 miles distant.

A Strange Music.

One evening the family gathered to hear the family talk about the strange music of China. Mother brought in her sewing, and improved her mind and the children's stockings at the same time. But Maud and Arthur sat on the lounge, one on each side of Uncle Herbert, devoting their attention to him.

"I suppose we ought to begin at the beginning," said he, "since Chinese music is said to have been invented by a person whom you have often read about. He was Emperor of China about 2950 B. C., or nearly 5000 years ago. The Chinese called him Fo Hi, but some of our own people suppose that he really was Noah, who lived about that time. The Chinese also hold that much of their music was brought to them from Heaven by a bird which they named the 'Foang-Hoang.' This was supposed to be a very fortunate bird, which never appeared anywhere else but in China, and, whenever it came, it brought good luck with it. It appeared whenever a good emperor was born, and its nest was wrapped in mystery, for no one knew where it dwelt."

"Why, that's something like the Phoenix, that the Greeks used to believe in," said Maud.

"Yes, there is a resemblance; perhaps the Greeks borrowed their bird from the Chinese one. This bird appeared with its mate, when Lung Lin, by the order of the Emperor Hoang-Ti, was making his first inventions in music. It sang to him in six tones, while its mate also used six different tones, making a scale containing twelve notes, just like our chromatic scale. But the Chinese only use five of these, and call the others 'female tones.' In China everything female is thought to be useless."

"Haven't they got topsy-turvy ideas?" said Maud.

"Well, in this case they are open to that suspicion. The singing of the 'Foang-Hoang' was such beautiful music that it caused absolute goodness in every one who heard it, and its songs had the beautiful name of 'Tse-ven,' Temperance and Mercy." He had large drums beat at various hours of the night to tell what o'clock it was; he composed, also, many songs. The earliest emperors had studied music, but it was with a view of teaching their subjects good manners and morals. The songs were sometimes only directions when to plant seeds, how to catch fish, how to plant in company, and so on. Sometimes, the words are to keep the emperor's own duty in mind. Thus, one begins: 'The breeze of mid-day brings warmth and dispels sorrow, may it be the same with Chun, may he be the joy and consolation of his people.'

"Another emperor—Yu, the greatest—used musical instruments for a very good purpose. He placed before his palace a large and a small bell, a drum, a gong, and a tambourine, and any person having business with him, would be admitted on striking one of these. By various sounds, he could tell before seeing him, the nature

BURKE.

The career of Burke is one of the most marvelous in history. A poor Irishman, without family, or money, or outside influence of any kind, he came to London and gained for himself friends, patrons, wealth and power. The remarkable thing about his success is, that it was due exclusively to his intellect. By sheer force of mind he put himself among the noted literary men of his day, and then among the politicians. In all other respects there were thousands superior to him, but in power, analysis, good judgment, and knowledge of the science of Government, he was without a rival. He was the foremost statesman of his own day, and it is a question whether he is not the greatest in all English history.

Mr. John Morley's "Life of Burke" in the "English Men of Letters" series is a good piece of work. Mr. Morley was better fitted for it than anybody else, as he had studied Burke for many years and has written of him largely. He has made this volume biographical, whereas, his previous book was in no sense a narrative, but almost entirely critical. Taking Burke rapidly through Trinity College and the first nine years of his life in London—a period of which comparatively little is known—Mr. Morley plunges at once into the parliament career of his subject. He specially emphasizes such important facts as Burke's theory of party rule, his independence of his constituents, his bold stand in favor of America, and his astonishing attack on the French Revolution. But Burke's philosophy more than his conduct has fascinations for Mr. Morley, and he examines the compositions of that great mind, as literary works rather than as political pamphlets. It is, indeed, strange that Burke's later writings, intended only to influence the actions of mankind, should have fallen powerless in this respect and risen again among the choice parts of the national literature. The reason for it may be that which Morley gives for the poor effect of Burke's speeches at the time of their delivery—a habit of dealing in generalities, and appealing to "the too rare love of wisdom" alone. On this point Morley says further:

Perhaps the greatest speech that has ever been made was that on conciliation with America, the wisest in its temper, the most closely logical in its reasoning, the most generous and conciliatory in the substance of its appeal. Yet Eiskine, who was in the House when this was delivered, said that it drove away everybody, including people who, when they came to read it, read it over and over again, and could hardly think of anything else. Burke's gestures were clumsy; he had sonorous but harsh tones; he never lost a strong Irish accent; and his utterances were hurried and eager. Apart from these disadvantages of accident, which have been overcome by men infinitely inferior to Burke, it is easy to perceive from the matter and texture of the speeches that have become English classics, that the very qualities which are excellencies in literature were drawbacks to the spoken discourses. A listener in Westminster Hall or the House of Commons, unlike the reader by his fireside in the next century, is always thinking of arguments and facts that bear directly on the issue before him. What he wishes to hear is some particularity of event or inference which will either help him to make up his mind, or will justify him if his mind is already made up. Burke never neglected these particularities, and he never went wide enough to fall into vagueness, but he went wide enough into the generalities that lent light and force to his view to weary men who cared for nothing, and could not be expected to care for anything but the business actually in hand, and the most expeditious way through it.

Some of the same qualities in Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" made it literature rather than political argument, powerful for the time and the ends for which it was written.

Burke's theory of duty to party, and his claim of any right of instruction by constituents, have vital interest for politicians of our own day. While not in conflict with each other, it is surprising that they should both have come from one brain. It might be supposed that the politician who would gladly surrender his independence in one case would do so in the other; or that, insisting on his rights as against his constituents, he would have them against his party friends. As a matter of fact, he did have them from his party, and broke with his allegiance to it and the friendships of a lifetime the moment he thought his duty required him to do so. Inconsistency was no stranger to Burke. The contrast of his theories and actions is not more remarkable than his defense of the American Revolution and fierce assault of the French Revolution. Surely both were justifiable in the beginning, if either was; and it was before the Reign of Terror that Burke's tremendous indictment against the latter was drawn up.

We have not the space to follow the course of Mr. Morley's biography minutely. The part devoted to the American War will be specially interesting to American readers not less for the Burke story in it than for the appreciation of the subject which Mr. Morley shows. The following sentence may indicate the drift of the writer:

The War of Independence was virtually a second English civil war. The ruin of the American cause would have been also the ruin of the constitutional cause in England; and a patriotic Englishman may revere the memory of Patrick Henry and George Washington not less justly than the patriotic American. Burke's attitude in this great contest is that part of his history about the majestic and noble wisdom of which there can be least dispute.

* * * The great argument with those of the War party who pretended to a po-

litical defense of their position was the doctrine that the English Government was sovereign in the Colonies as at home; and in the notion of sovereignty they found inherent the notion of an indefensible right which they took to be its natural property. They saw no step between the existence of an abstract right and the propriety of enforcing it. Now the idea of a right as a mysterious and reverent abstraction, to be worshiped in a state of naked divorce from expediency and convenience, was one that Burke's political judgment found preposterous and unendurable.

Golden Rules for Health.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, the English writer and lecturer on sanitary topics, has been giving the people of Croydon, England, "a few golden rules for securing health at home." In the first place, whether the house is large or small, he would say, "Give it light." There was no house so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy one. In every point of view light stood forward as the agent of health. A few hundred years ago it became the fashion, for reasons it was very hard to divine, to place sick people in dark and closely-curtained bedrooms. The practice, to some extent, was continued to this day. When a person went to bed with sickness it was often the first thing to pull down the blinds of the windows, to set up dark blinds, or, if there were Venetian blinds, to close them. On body and soul alike that practice was simply pernicious. It might well, if light was painful to the eyes of the sufferer, to shield the eyes from the light, or even shut the light off from them altogether; but to shut it out of all the room, to cut off wholesale its precious influence, to make the sick room a dark cell in which all kinds of impurities might be concealed day after day, was an offense to nature which she ever rebuked in the sternest manner. In sickness and in health—in infancy, youth, middle age, old age—in all seasons, for the benefit of the mind, and the welfare of the body, sunlight was a bearer and sustainer of health.

Dr. Richardson next adverted to the subject of sleep, and observed that artificial lights are very injurious. The ever hours after dark that are spent in artificial light the better and the sooner they went to rest after dark the better. They required in the cold season of winter, when the nights were long, much more of sleep than they did in summer. On the longest day in the year, seven hours of sleep was sufficient for most men and women who were in the prime of life; on the shortest day nine hours was not overmuch, and for persons who are weakly ten or twelve hours might be taken with real advantage. In winter children should always have ten or twelve hours of sleep. It was not idleness to indulge to that extent, but an actual saving, a storing up of invigorated existence for the future. Such rest could be obtained only by going to bed very early—say at half-past 8 o'clock or 9. It was wrong at the present season that they should be at that meeting robbing themselves of sleep. It was as wrong as ever it could be that our legislature should often be sitting up as they did, night after night, trying against life to legislate for life. It was foolish, too, that public writers and editors should be called on to exercise their craft at a time when all their nature was calling out to them "Rest." He might be accused of folly in saying these things, but he was standing by Nature and speaking under her direction.

Turning next to the question of beds and bed rooms, the president insisted on the necessity of a separate bed for each person, and said the bed should be neither very soft nor very hard, while the furniture of the room should be as simple as possible. A great experiment had been tried on this question with most striking results. At the Industrial schools at Anvers every scholar had his or her own bed, and the wise authorities there—who had improved the health of the children under their charge until the mortality was reduced to three in one thousand annually—told him that few things had contributed so much to the grand results they had achieved as the one practice of having a separate bed for every child. A daily bath with cold water in the summer and tepid water in winter was necessary for the health of every person. Every effort should be made to maintain an equal temperature in the house—a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit being the test—and there should be a system of complete household cleansing once a year. He would leave his colleagues to descant on ventilation, good food, good air and other accessories to health, and though by their united efforts they might not essay to lead them direct to Salutland and its hundred years of happy life, they would take those persons who would go with them a long way toward, even that promised commonwealth of health and long life to you.

Kingsley's Last Days.

There is nothing even in the most pathetic story of fiction more touching than the narrative of the last days of Charles Kingsley. A writer in the Christian World thus sums it up:

His wedded life had been supremely happy. He was wont to sum up its story in the three Latin words that have been placed on his tombstone—*Amorimus, Amans, Amabimus*.—We have loved, we love, we shall love. It was a love on part of which his wife could say that for thirty-six years it had never stooped—in sickness or health, by day or night—from its own lofty height to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act.

It had been his life-long prayer and hope that they might lay down their work on earth and go home to Heaven together. She had been in feeble health,

when a sudden turn in her illness brought her to the very gates of death. He could not believe—there was danger till he was told there was no hope. He heard the words as his own death warrant. But he rallied all his life-forces to give comfort and care and Christian cheer in the sick-room. He promised his wife to fight for life for the children's sake. But his heart was broken, and the unequal contest was a short one.

Pneumonia laid severe hold of him. He had been warned that his recovery depended upon avoiding any change of temperature. But one day he leaped from his bed, ran into his wife's room, and, taking her by the hand, said, "This is heaven. Don't speak."

A fit of coughing came on, and he could say no more. He lingered for some days, waiting for the summons that he supposed had already come for her, saying, over and over again, "It is all right, all as it should be," and finally passed away, leaving her to recover and tell us the story of his life, as no one else has told it so well.

Bob Ingersoll's War Record.

Col. Ingersoll raised a regiment of cavalry and commanded it, and was assigned to the Western Department. He was in the battle of Shiloh, and several other engagements. On one occasion he was ordered to guard a ford, with instructions to delay an advancing army of the rebels just as long as possible in order that our army might make certain counter-movements. He held his position as long as he could do it, but the enemy came up in such overwhelming force that he had no course left but to give the order to retreat, every man as best he could to save himself. It was devil take the hindmost. As Col. Ingersoll was galloping away with his men as fast as their horses could get over the ground, his horse stumbled in a lane and threw him. Just as he fell several balls struck the logs near him, and, on looking up, he saw two or three rebels raising their carbines at him. With characteristic quickness and presence of mind he shouted at the top of his voice: "Hold on there! Don't make fools of yourselves! I've been doing nothing else for the last five minutes but wishing for a good chance to recognize your Confederacy!"

A Southern officer ordered the men to stop, and they all laughed at the unknown Yankee's impudence, and then they took him prisoner.

CATARRH

NEVER-FAILING RELIEF

AFFORDED BY

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

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BUFORD NOTES.**As Gathered by "The Tribune's" Special Correspondent.**

Four Bismarck, D. T., Jan. 29.—The ice harvest has commenced, and as the climate in this section admits of the crop coming to maturity, there is no uneasiness as to the "yield" this season. . . . Stephen Scott, the well-known wood-yard proprietor, has been very sick for sometime but is understood to be improving. . . . Messrs. Sweeney and Colwell are paying this metropolis a short visit, having arrived from the upper Missouri yesterday. . . . Mr. Thos. Henderson, the popular trader at Wolf Point, arrived to-day, and after transacting important business, started on his return journey. . . . Mr. Jordan has his teams still engaged on the Pennell wood contract. Mr. Nesson, their energetic foreman, says this is the first winter for years that they have been compelled to resort to sleds for teaming about the post, but the large fall of snow this winter made it impracticable at one time to use their wagons. . . . General Thomas, the postmaster of this district, with his assistant, Mr. T. B. Reed, arrived here yesterday from Bismarck. It is understood that the rebels have been removed from Keogh here to the December Convention at the Geo. B. Wallace's Infirmary, will leave for Washington, D. C., to-morrow. Walker will have charge of the Indian soldier. Private Spain, of Co. I, who goes to the east, has 148, was thought that he could be kept here until navigation opened, but he has recently become so violent that it is almost an impossibility to care for him properly at the military hospital and hence the prompt transfer to the pro-southern asylum for the insane. . . . Butch has fallen into the habit of late of taking nocturnal strolls—riders and we noted a person passing the other evening who was evidently a member of the gang. An old fashioned "satin" of the style of one of those worn in former days when there is plenty of hair in the bottom of the box, and they don't see how far apart they can manage to seat themselves. Hoyt says it was glorious. . . . Your dispatches will have informed you of the advent of the hostiles at the agencies above. At present this does not seem to be a wholesale movement, but is, probably, an experiment on the part of the Indians to see how they will be treated. They don't like to go to the post, but when they do, they are not afraid to do so. A portion of them were willing to do this, that they might secure food for their families. When they say that if they did not come south of the line, they would be compelled as a *derrier* to submit upon their policies they no doubt give a weighty reason for coming in, and it may be that more will continue to come if they meet with a welcome in the shape of plenty to eat. The report of the presence of a band of Indians on the Yankton Sioux, the Gros Ventres, though not confirmed, will be reliable, at no confirmation. The stand taken by "Old Crow," the Gros Ventres chief in not giving up their buffalo meat to the Sioux Sioux seems perfectly consistent. The two tribes are bitter enemies, rather than cool friends, and it is hard to imagine why they did not come to blows if they met. We shall know more about it soon. Tex.

The New York Obelisk.

A cablegram to the *Herold* from Alexandria, Egypt says: "With respect to the Masonic discoveries under the obelisk, it is a fact that, on removing the pedestal of the obelisk there were found: 1. A mason's square of red syenite granite, the long section being eight feet six inches long, seventeen inches broad, twenty-five inches thick, and the short section measuring from the outer angle four feet three inches by twenty inches. The mason's square is near the northeastern corner of the foundations, parallel with the easterly side of the foundations. 2. A pure white stone, representing an apron, and situated under the end of the short section. 3. Under the apron a perfect altar of red granite. 4. Toward the corner of the foundations opposite the angle of the mason's square, that is toward the south-easterly corner of the foundation, is a red granite rough altar. 5. Between these two altars a mason's spoon-shaped iron trowel, of ordinary size, totally oxydized, small five emblams, each in its proper position. They rest on a foundation of yellowish drab limestone, surrounding the foundation on all sides, and forming part of it, are three steps, all of stone. The foundation, together with the steps are bound firmly together, and very well preserved in iron cased in lead. Other stones in the foundations bear curious marks and cuttings, not hieroglyphics which may be masonic—but none here are able to decide. The stones in the foundation will be replaced in New York exactly as they were discovered.

A Hills Curiosity.

The Black Hills *Times* says: "Mr. Savage, superintendent of the Savage tunnel, was in the city yesterday with a genuine curiosity in the shape of a jaw-bone of an animal. The specimen was found imbedded in porphyry, seventeen feet under the surface of the ground, and was remarkably well preserved. The molar teeth were as hard and almost as bright as in life. The bone, which was not large, was firmly imbedded in a hunk of the rock. The balance of the remains were not recovered. It is thought the teeth belonged to an animal of the elk species, oration, but just when it laid down and died was not guessed at, but it must have been a long time ago to admit of the formation of seventeen feet of porphyry over it."

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Local Agents Wanted Everywhere.

J. C. PLUMB & SON,
Green Hill Nurseries,
Milton, Wisconsin.

U. S. Marshal's Sale.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of certain writs of Vendition Exposas, issued out of and under the seal of the United States' district Court for the 3d Judicial District of Dakota, sitting in admiralty on the 17th day of January, 1880, to be directed and delivered, in the cases of D. C. Basye, Wm. Lopp, et al., John McLean, and Robert Macnider, co-partners as McLean & Macnider, and James H. Hallet and Frank Keating, co-partners as Hallet & Keating, against the steamboat Eclipse, her tackle, apparel, and furniture. I shall sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the said steamboat Eclipse, her tackle, apparel, and furniture, at Bismarck, Dakota Territory, on the 10th day of February, 1880, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

JOHN B. RAYMOND,
U. S. Marshal.
By B. C. ASH,
U. S. Deputy Marshal.

Dated Jan. 23d, 1880.

FLANNERY & WEATHERBY.

Proctors for D. C. Basye, Wm. Lopp et al.

JOHN E. CARLAND.

Proctor for McLean & Macnider, and Hallet & Keating.

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LINES TO A ROCK.

Old rock, couldst thou but speak, what untold legends
Wouldst thou relate of ages gone before,
When unknown races peopled these fair regions
And unnamed cities decked this beauteous shore
For, although thou art a cold, unseemly boulder,
Passed unobserved and in oblivion hid,
Yet thou perhaps art many centuries older
Than Babel's tower or Cheops' pyramid.

Did antediluvian empires, great in power
As those of modern Greece and Rome, arise?
Did cities, unsurpassed in beauty, tower
In awful grandeur to the sapphire skies?

Did powerful Kings, in regal pomp and splendor,
Lead forth their countless legions to the fight?
Did famished strongholds close besieged sur-
render
And weak dominions yield to those of might?

And when the lightnings rent the heavens asunder,
Rendering most terrible the dreary gloom,
When peal on peal burst forth the awful thunder
Foretelling sinful man his dreadful doom,

Did none escape the great Creator's anger?
Was there no ship, no ark of refuge built?
Were none more favored warned of coming danger,
To shun the fearful doom of crime and guilt?

Whence came the simple savage, meek and lowly?
King of the soil, he roved the forest free;
Sleeping in reverence, pure of thought and holy,
Adored the Manitou on bended knee.

His deafening war cry o'er the valley sounded,
Echoed his pow-wows through the silent grove;
Swift to the chase, the skillful hunter bounded—
Long were his tales of wild romance and love.

His pride is crushed, his council fires extinguished;
No longer here he finds a place of rest;
His father's birth-right long has been relinquished,
He lambled, conquered, seeks the distant West.

The pale usurper, Jap! is great descendant
Favored by fate, caressed by fortune, reigns
Monarch unrivaled, free and independent,
Hews down the forests, cultivates the plains.

Ages may pass, great works of art be crumpled,
And Jap! 's sons, like chaff, be swept away;
Great empires fall, and mighty Kings be humbled,
And other races rule with iron sway.

Yet thou art wondrous wrought, unmoved, un-
broken,
Sun browned and worn by beating winds and
rain,
Shall stand alone, mute witness, silent token—
Man's greatest works decay, God's least remain.

DOMO DREAMER.

Catching the School-master.

"Young and handsome?"
"Yes, just as nice as can be."

"Single?"
"Why, of course. He is too young to be
married."

"Then let's see, who'll catch him,"
laughed the pert girl of the village.

"You won't," said pretty Jessie Warner.

"And why not, I wonder?"

"Because I—I don't think he's the
kind to be caught that way."

"O, you're going to try the coy and re-
tiring young woman, are you?" said
Frank. Her name was Frances.

"I'm not going to try anything," was
the response. He has only been here a
few days."

"We'll see," said Frank, tossing her
black curls. They say he is studying
law, and I mean to marry a lawyer if I
can."

The "catching" had hitherto been done
by the wary, much-enduring schoolmas-
ters, made tyrants by the idleness and insol-
ence and insubordination of the larger
scholars. They had caught boys by the
collar; caught the older girls reading
novels under cover of well-thumbed
school-books; caught them writing love-
letters instead of compositions, and held
them up to the ridicule of the school.
One who is always on the watch for
mischievous is sure to find it.

This *réveille* had passed away. A young
and hand-some man, a very Chesterfield
in manners, had met the scholars as
a gentleman meets young ladies and gentle-
men, and now some of the girls de-
clared, as no girl with self-respect would
declare, that he was to be caught himself.

So enthusiastic, so really imbued with
his work was he, that he easily inspired
the best spirits in the school, so that they
vied with each other in keeping up in
their studies and in general good behav-
ior.

But, strangely enough, the master
seemed determined not to be "caught." In
vain invitations poured upon him to
parties, to all the Baywood gayeties; in
vain the nets were spread in his sight;
in vain some of the young ladies dressed
for him, smiled for him—he was ap-
parently insensible to all allurements.
He could be seen only at school, or in the
street, or at church.

"He is just a poke," said Kate, pouting,
"and I do hate a poke, young or
old."

One pleasant evening several of the
girls met together in the sitting-room of
Deacon Tufts. Now the deacon was a
cripple, and as he had been chosen post-
master, and could not go out to the office,
the office came to him.

It was a pleasant room, and generally
quite well filled for applicants for let-
ters. As was often the case in the
informal little meetings, the master was the
subject under discussion.

"Have you caught him yet?" asked one
of the girls of Frank, slyly.

"O, Jessie, here, seems to be the favor-
ite," said Frank. He has eyes only for
her. I hope she appreciates the atten-
tion. He ought to be good to her, or
maybe his supplies would be cut off."

"Of course I appreciate his kindness,"
said Jessie with a laugh. "Why, only
think! He's going to teach me French!"

"Indeed! The district doesn't pay him
for giving you private lessons though!"
said Frank, almost angrily.

"Certainly not," replied Jessie, "but
his time is his own out of school hours.
Of course I try to return his kindness."

"I don't doubt it; but pray tell us in
what way?" asked Frank, ironically.

"O, I put flowers in his room to make
it look cheerful, and on the table, or I
make a little bouquet for his coa—that
is, I did make one, but he didn't wear
it," she added."

"Quite sentimental! You have the
coast clear before you, haven't you."

"Well, if you mean he boards at our
house, and must be treated kindly, yes.
The night you were all at the dance he
took mother and me to ride."

"So that's the reason he didn't come to
doubtful tones."

my party!" cried Fiank, her eyes red as
well as her cheeks.

"Partly, and partly because he hates
dancing; he told me so."

"How well you are matched!" retorted
Frank. "You don't dance, and he don't
like it. If you keep on with your flow-
ers and your rides you will catch him,
never fear!"

"O, but I neither wish nor intend to
catch him."

"I say he is engaged to somebody al-
ready; he acts like it," was the suggestion
of Frank's cousin. "I told Frank
she ought to find out."

"He has plenty of letters addressed in
a lady's handwriting," said the deacon
holding one up for them to see, and he
turned away with a smile; but I'm pretty
sure none of them are from a sweet-
heart."

"Maybe he's got a sister."

"He has, and a mother, too. His sis-
ter is married, and the mother is with
her."

"Oh, but then what does he want to
hire the brown cottage for?" queried a
quiet little girl. "Father has it to let,
you know; it seems to me I heard him
say the schoolmaster wanted it for his
family."

"Absurd!" exclaimed Frank.

At this the postmaster laughed aloud.
"If he's engaged, he's mean enough,"
said Frank, with warmth. "The idea of
his coming here under false pretenses."

"Did he ever tell any body he was not
engaged?" asked the deacon.

"I don't know as he did, and I am sure
I don't care if he's engaged to a dozen
girls! If he's conceited enough to think
I do, I will soon undeceive him."

It was always self with the foolish girl.
Her undue consciousness had led her in-
to trouble more than once.

"Hush, Frank, there's Mr. Evans! I
hope he didn't hear us," said Jessie, as
the tall figure of the clergyman entered.

"Who cares? If you suppose I am
afraid of the minister you are mistaken,"
she added, boldly walking up to him,
heated with temper and chagrin.

"Mr. Evans you are one of the school-
committee," she said with the assurance of
a business matron of forty. "Will you
please tell us what is the mystery about
the teacher you have employed for the
winter?"

"Mystery—mystery," said Mr. Evans
looking at her in surprise. "Really Miss
Frances, I have never heard that there
was any mystery about him."

"Well, there is and I think it ought to
be cleared up. Tax-payers ought to
know what kind of men come into our
midst, especially when he has charge of
their daughters."

"He came with the best recommendations,"
and the minister was more and more surprised.

"Well, sir, the deacon declares he is
not engaged to be married, and yet he is
looking for a house in which to live, I
understand, and he is at the same time
playing the free young gentleman among us."

"Has he showed any special attention
to you, or trifled with any of my young
flock?"

"He is certainly trying to win Jessie,
sir."

"O, Frank, how can you say so?" cried
Jessie, her face aflame, her eyes sparkling
indignantly. "He is a perfect gentle-
man," she added turning to the minister,
"and I know all about him, and mean to
tell Frank, after having a little fun.
Why, he has been married a year to a
most beautiful girl. He told mamma,
after we had become a little acquainted,
that he married her just after he gradu-
ated, because she was alone, and had no
friends or protector. He is now study-
ing day and night to get admitted to the
bar, and he is anxious to bring his wife
here; that is why he was looking at the
little cottage, as it has a few rooms fur-
nished. Now you have the whole mystery."

"You might have told us before!" cried
Frank, with a scarlet face. "You, too,
Deacon Tufts, ought to be ashamed of
your conduct, for of course you knew it."

"To be sure I did. Didn't I answer
all your questions, young lady? I thought
I would let you run on awhile, and get
all the nonsense out of you. The master
has made no particular secret of his mar-
riage, that I know of, neither has he pro-
claimed it from the house-tops. Maybe
he ought to—I don't know. You knew
he was married, Jessie!"

"O, yes, I knew it. He showed mother
his wife's photograph, and it seems she
can teach botany and orchidology and
music. She can help him a great deal if
she comes here."

Then the minister read Frank and the
girls a short lesson, ending with these
words:

"When you are old enough and wise
enough to have homes of your own, you
will wait 'till some worthy man throws
out the line and catches you. And I am
sure you will find in the young woman
coming a beautiful, discreet and lovable
companion; and although none of you
have caught the schoolmaster, you ought
to catch many a wise lesson from his
manly, modest demeanor, as we 'as from
his instruction from the desk."

"Couldn't Cut it Short."

A day or two ago a woman entered the
telegraph office, saying to the receiver of
messages that she desired to telegraph to
her husband, who was in Chicago, for
money. He pointed her to the counter
supplied with blanks, and told her the
rate for ten words. She struggled away
for a quarter of an hour, and then hand-
ed in the following:

"Won't you please send me ten dollars
by next mail?"

"I don't know whether that will do or
not," she said, as she felt for her money.
"If you were to receive such a dispatch
from your wife, would you forward the
money?"

"Well—well, I might," he replied, in
doubtful tones.

"Quite sentimental! You have the
coast clear before you, haven't you."

"Well, if you mean he boards at our
house, and must be treated kindly, yes.
The night you were all at the dance he
took mother and me to ride."

"So that's the reason he didn't come to
doubtful tones."

"Now you wait! I don't like the
dispatch at all, because I tried to keep
it within ten words. I'll write another."

She tore it up, walked over to the coun-
ter, and in three minutes handed in a
new one, reading:

"Am out of food and fuel, and want
ten dollars as soon as you can get it here.
If you can't spare it, I'll spout the parlor
carpet!"

"That would bring the money from
me," said the receiver, as he read the
lines and marked the number of words.

"Then I guess it will from him. Send
it along, and if I don't get the money in
two days, you'll hear somebody ripping up
ten yards of Brussels carpet off the
floor!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Of the European nations Great
Britain, Sweden, Austria, France,
Spain, Belgium and Saxony are the
largest iron producers. The United
States and Hindostan have valuable
iron mines.

The largest steamer that ever crossed
the Atlantic was the Great Eastern.
Her extreme length was 680 feet, with
a tonnage of 12,000 tons. She was
built in England and was launched in
January, 1858.

SALT, in the East, is a symbol of
fidelity; a man who has partaken of
salt with you is bound by the laws of
hospitality; and thus bread and salt
are eaten at the ratification of a bar-
gain or treaty, to make it binding on
all parties. Salt is also an emblem of
desolation; conquered cities were sown
with salt.

In sculpture relief is a species of
carving or chiseling in which the figures
are engraved on, or raised from, a
ground. There are three sorts—basso-
relief, or bas relief, in which the figures
have a small projection from the
ground on which they are sculptured;
mezzo-relief, in which the figures stand
out about half their natural pro-
portions; alto-relief, in which the figures
stand completely out from the
ground, attached to it only in a few
places.

No, GEORGE AUGUSTUS, "trousseau"
is not the French for trousers. It is
the French for more things than you
could learn the names of in a month.
Get married, and you will know more
about it.

BISMARCK BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

First National Bank of Bismarck.
WALTER MANN, GEO. H. FAIRCHILD,
President, Cashier.

CORRESPONDENTS:—American Exchange
Bank New York; Merchants National
Bank, St. Paul.

BANK OF BISMARCK.
J. W. RAYMOND, Pres.
W. B. BELL, Cash.
A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

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(City Attorney.)
FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys.
West Main Street.

DAVID STEWART—Attorney at Law.

JOHN A. STOYELL, Attorney at Law.

JOHN E. CARLSON, Attorney at Law, and
County Attorney.

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Dental Rooms,
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Physician and Surgeon,
Office at Dunn's Drug Store, 93 Main Street.
Residence "Villula."

D. R. H. R. PORTER,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office 37 Main Street, next to Tribune Block.
U. S. Examining Surgeon.

W. M. A. BENTLEY,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office Tribune Block, 41 Main Street.

Calls left on the slate in the office will
be promptly attended to.

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The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.

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MERCHANTS HOTEL,
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BISMARCK. D. T.

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Building new and commodious, rooms large,
comfortable and tastily furnished. First-class in
every particular. Bills reasonable. 3-27-11

THE SORCERIES OF SCIENCE.

A SONG BY AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

Day by day, in this wonderful age,
Is announced some wonderful invention
Fit to puzzle the brains of a sage
And far surpass my own comprehension.
You can talk, by the telephone wire,
Seas over with wonderful celerity;
To the phonograph they that aspire
May their voices transmit to posterity.

In my youth 'twas once thought a vain dream
That the streets could be lighted with gas;
To expect locomotion from steam
Was accounted the hope of an ass.
A guffaw, as of yesterday, rings
In nine ears from the days long ago
When, at what seemed ridiculous things,
Our grandfathers laughed Ho! ho! ho!

And I still have some fear in my mind
That the science will end in confusion;
That its marvels at last we shall find
To have been but Old Harry's illusion.
We shall suddenly wake up some day,
In astonishment around us to stare,
To find visions have vanished away,
And the good old times still as they were.

On, for days on which memory dwells,
When the hedgerows were sweet with musk-
roses!

What if cess-pools were sunk close to wells,
And our pigsties right under our noses?
From your sewers what good have you got,
Beyond fever germs and bacteria!
Till they made us dumb, typhoid was not,
And we'd no such disease as diphtheria.

Now, if night's to be turned into day,
The electric light will give rise,
I've no doubt, with its dazzling display,
To some novel disease of the eyes.
Against the new light I stand by the old,
Though their sheer by comparison suffers!
On, for your good old days, dip and mold,
With your tinder box, matches and snuffers!

—Punch.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

On a fine summer day in the year 187—
I was proceeding by the South-Western Railway to visit a friend and former patient resident at Portsmouth. It is not often that a medical man gets a holiday, and but for the kindness of a fellow-practitioner in making my practice for a fortnight, I should not have had this opportunity of enjoying the sea-breezes.

The train by which I started was an early one, and, having procured my ticket, I took my place in a second-class carriage, and lit my cigar, for it was a smoking carriage. On entering it, I was surprised—and I think, naturally so—to find the further corner of it occupied by lady.

"Oho!" said I, inwardly; "some fast American demoiselle who desires to indulge in a cigarette."

On observation, however, it appeared to me that the features of my fellow-traveller did not bear upon them that impression of cuteness which marks American nationality. She had soft brown eyes, a full, round face, and a profusion of chestnut hair. She was dressed in a plain gray travelling suit, bound with white braid, and wore a straw hat.

"Maybe a German," I soliloquized; "they are terrible smokers."

But again it occurred to me that possibly the young lady might be neither American or German, but had got into the carriage without noticing that it was one reserved for smokers. Under this impression, I bowed slightly to her saying:

"I fear my cigar may annoy you. Perhaps, you are not aware that this is a smoking compartment?"

"Oh yes," she answered, with a slight German accent; "yes, yes, yes, yes!"

There was something peculiar in her slow, deliberate utterance, and the four-times-repeated monosyllable. There was a dreamy look, too, in the speaker's eyes, as if her mind was pre-occupied. However, the train was now in motion, and I had nothing for it but to encouage myself in my corner, look out of my window, and take a bird's eye view of the surrounding house-tops.

For a short time this was well enough; but I began at last to weary of the monotony of such an amusement. We Englishmen, as a rule, are so reserved and unsociable that we shrink into ourselves, and every fresh addition to the occupants of a railway carriage or an omnibus is received with black looks and a sort of tacit intimation that he has no right whatsoever to enter. Now I am free to confess that, whatever my failings, want of sociability is not one of them, and I determined to try and engage my companion in a little conversation. There could be no impropriety in a man of my age (I was thirty eight) endeavoring to beguile the tedium of a long journey by conversing with a fellow traveller, a young girl—possibly a schoolgirl—and possibly not out of her teens. It was therefore, with an almost paternal feeling that I addressed her.

"There are not many passengers by this train," I remarked.

"Two thousand and three," was the answer that started my equanimity.

I looked at the speaker to find a mischievous smile dancing in her eyes or lurking at the corner of her mouth. Nothing of the sort. She was perfectly serious, even stern, and her eyes had still the same dreamy, faraway look in them.

"Very absent-minded, or else in love I thought to myself. However I tried again.

"I think we shall have a fine day for our journey," I ventured to remark.

She turned upon me with that despairing, yet restless look that we see in a trapped rat.

"How you talk, talk, talk!" she said, indignantly.

"But I remonstrated.

"Are you mad?" she screamed, in a tone of such intensified shrillness, and with such an awful hungry look in her eyes, that the truth at once flashed upon me like an inspiration.

She was mad! Medical man as I am, a feeling of horror overcame me when I reflected that I was shut up alone in a carriage of a train, travelling at express speed, with a lunatic.

tic. True, I was a strong man, she only a girl. But it is inconceivable what extreme strength is possessed by many of the insane. I have known a woman thus afflicted require two, and even three powerful men to restrain her during one of her paroxysms.

However, I endeavored to keep as cool as possible as I looked the young girl steadily in the face. She looked at me for a minute or so without quailing; then she sank back in her corner, resumed her apathetic posture, and sat gazing out of the window, with the far-away look in her eyes, as if no such person as myself was in existence.

"Poor girl!" I thought; and I began to speculate who and what she could be, and how she came to be travelling alone. Could she have escaped from an asylum? If so, how came she to be possessed of sufficient funds to procure a railway ticket? I had some experience in "mad cases," and I knew that the most outrageous ones are those where the patient maintains an even sullen demeanor. The girl's case did not seem to me to be one of them. On the contrary, her sudden change of mood when I angered her seemed to indicate it to be a case of temporary alienation of mind, and consequently a curable one.

I looked at my watch. In a quarter of an hour we should be at Basingstoke. I was in the very act of returning my watch to my pocket, when my companion, with a mocking laugh—the peculiarly metallic ring of which it is quite impossible to describe—literally hurled herself upon me with overwhelming force, broke the watch from its chain, and sent it spinning through the window. In another second she was endeavoring to force herself also through the window.

They commenced a terrible struggle, of which I even yet shudder to think. My muscles were strained to their utmost limit of tension, the perspiration poured down my face, and my arms felt as if about to be wrenched from their sockets. And all this to restrain one of the sex commonly called the "weaker," from self-destruction.

I am quite convinced that if the struggle had lasted three minutes longer I must have given way. All this time the poor girl uttered no sound that could give warning to the guard or our fellow-passengers of the terrible struggle for life or death that was going on within a few yards of them. As for my own voice, the extraordian physical effort I was making to restrain the would-be suicide entirely prevented my making the slightest use of it. But just as my powers were failing me, and I felt that I could no longer prolong the struggle, the train began perceptibly to slacken speed.

"Thank Heaven, Basingstoke at last!"

What followed is easy to relate. Of course assistance was at hand, and the unfortunate young lady was removed to a place of safety. From letters which we found on her, and some articles of jewelry, which we advertised, we speedily discovered her friends. Naturally I, as a medical man, would not lose sight of her until I discovered them. The patient proved to be a member of a German family naturalized in England, and always subject to periodical attacks of mental alienation. She had never actually been in an asylum.

During these attacks, which invariably came on without any warning, so that it was difficult to watch her, she was seized with a restless desire to wander over the country, and, it appeared, had merely selected the South-Western line because it happened to be nearest to her own home.

She had been so long without an attack that her mother and sisters had, on the previous night, ventured to go to an evening party, leaving Lotta fast asleep in bed at home. During their absence she eluded the vigilance of the servants, got up and dressed herself, walked about for some time, and took a ticket for the early Portsmouth mail—at least, that was what she imagined, she told us on her recovery. Her memory, however, was very imperfect, but the poor child must certainly have walked about the streets for some time prior to the departure of the express.

It was natural that, under the circumstances—I have already stated that I had had considerable experience in such cases—her friends should ask me to endeavor to effect a cure.

I undertook it, and entirely succeeded.

And also I undertook and succeeded in something else.

It is my wife who is looking over my shoulder as I write and who says:

"My dear, the maddest act of all my life was when I—"

But here I stop.

Errors of Type and Telegraph.

Lately some one attempted to say that critics asserted Rubenstein was not a correct player. The printers corrected the slur by saying he was not a "cornet-player"—which is probably true. Another, essaying to describe a certain personage as "the great I am" of local matters found that he was "the great 9 a.m."—a preudal charge, if somewhat vague.

According to a veracious Western paper, one editor was horrified by finding "The Death of an Angel-Worm" heading an obituary instead of the decorous "Death of an Aged Woman." The rascally truth-seeker had its name set up "Turtle-Seeker," recently—which was a severe joke for the turtles. Once a paragraph beginning "Miss Dickinson" (meaning the eloquent Anna), appeared with the auspicious start of "The Aburbation," which naturally made the subsequent remarks somewhat confused. But the telegraph makes as amusing blunders as the type.

A sentence of Lord Carnarvon's essay on sermons, at a recent Anglican Diocesan Conference, was thus dispatched: "The worst paid country curate is expected to preach twice on Sunday with the persuasiveness of a journeyman tailor, and the eloquence of a barrow." For "jour-

neyman tailor" read Jeremy Taylor, and initia "barrow with a capital letter, and all is right.

JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER.

[Mary J. Holmes, in Buffalo Express.]

A few years since, during a visit in Paris, I obtained the privilege of reading in the manuscript department of the "Bibliotheque Nationale." Amongst the rare and curious papers of the past I found an original letter of Thomas Jefferson to Monsieur de Marbois, Secretary of the French Legation at Philadelphia. Noticing some quaint ideas in it, quite as apropos to this century as the past, beside smacking strongly of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, I made an accurate copy of it, which I send you, suspecting it may be as interesting to your readers as it was to myself:

ANAPOLIS, Dec. 5, 1783.—*Monsieur de Marbois, Secretary of the French Legation at Philadelphia:* Your very obliging

letter of November 23 was put into my hands just in the moment of my departure from Philadelphia, which put it out of my power to acknowledge in the same instant my obligations for the charges you were so kind as to undertake—of presenting a French tutor to my daughter—and for the very friendly dispositions you flattered me with. The same cause prevented my procuring her the books you were so kind as to recommend, but this shall be supplied by orders from hence. I had left with her a Gil Blas and Don Quixote, which are among the best books of their class, as far as I am acquainted with them. The plan of reading which I have formed for her is considerably different from what I think would be most proper for her in any other country but America. I am obliged in it to extend my views beyond herself and consider her as possible at the head of a little family of her own. The chances are that in marriage she will draw a blockhead; I calculate at about fourteen to one, and of course then the education of her family will probably rest on her own ideas and direction without assistance. With the best poets and prose writers I shall therefore combine a certain extent of reading in the graver sciences; however, I scarcely expect to enter her on this till she returns to me. Her time in Philadelphia will be chiefly occupied in such fine arts as she could not prosecute to equal advantage in a more retired situation.

We have yet but fourteen States in Congress. I think when we are assembled we shall propose to dispatch the most urgent and important business and putting by what may await, separate and return to our respective States, leaving only committee of the States. The constant session of Congress can not be necessary in time of peace, and their separation will destroy the strange idea of their being a permanent body, which unaccountably has taken possession of the heads of their constituents, and occasions jealousies injurious to the public good.

I have the honor of being with very perfect esteem and respect, Sir, your most humble servant.

THOS. JEFFERSON.

A Strange Romance.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is once more aptly exemplified by the following curious narrative, which reaches the *Nazione* from its correspondent at Lucca: "Some years ago a native of Casamaggiore emigrated to America, leaving behind him his wife and two children. Shortly after his arrival in the States, where he promptly found lucrative employment, he sent 100 lire to the priest of his native place to be by him conveyed to his family. A few months later this remittance was followed by a second of 1,000 lire; and at subsequent periods other sums were forwarded in the same manner, to the total amount of 25,000 lire, or £1,000. The priest, however, to whom this money was transmitted put it in his own pocket. One day, having come to the conclusion that he had derived sufficient profit from his agency, he sent for the woman and informed her, with many consolatory reflections, that her husband was dead. About the same time he wrote to the emigrant, stating that the latter's wife and children had succumbed to an epidemic which had all but depopulated Casamaggiore, and inclosed in his letter an official certificate of their death and burial. It appears that, after a while, the emigrant, believing himself to be a widower, married again. He prospered in business, became a wealthy man, and a few months ago determined to visit the place of his birth. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Casamaggiore, where he took up his quarters at the principal inn. Strolling out to look up some of his old acquaintances, a little beggar boy followed him, importuning him for alms. Something in the child's appearance arrested his attention. He asked the boy his name, and found him to be his own son. Further inquiry soon elicited the fact that his wife and two children were living, but in the utmost poverty and distress. The reverend embezzler, when confronted with his victims, offered to refund the 25,000 lire; but the affair had come to the knowledge of the police authorities, who refused to permit any compromise, and arrested the holy man, against whom proceedings have been taken by the state. Meanwhile, his unfortunate ex-parishioner finds himself saddled with two wives and families, between whose claims upon his affection and support there is, equitably speaking, nothing to choose either way.—*London Telegraph.*

A Strange Romance.

THOS. JEFFERSON.

After the shower, the tranquil rain;
After the snow, the emerald leaves,
Silver stars at night again—
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds the violet sky;
After the tempest the hull of the waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by—
After the battle, peaceful graves.

After the knell the wedding bells;
After the bud the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells:
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden the blissful mean;
After the flight the downy nest;
After the furrow the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest.

Simons' Ghost.

BY DEPOT CLOCK.

"She's due," said Simons, as he peered out of the window into the darkness.

He had no sooner said these words, when the train came puffing in, its head-light forming shining golding rings in the fog.

There was the usual bustle, and presently two men came into the depot bearing a long, narrow box between them. This they placed upon the table, and withdrew. The whistle sounded, the conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the train moved off, without leaving a single passenger.

A few minutes later Simons made his appearance, with lantern in hand, the rain-drops dripping from his great shaggy coat and slouched hat. Placing the lantern in one corner of the room, he hung up his drenched garments, and, then, turning, eyed the box upon the table suspiciously.

"Billed for Denver! I'll be hanged if I like the look o' that!" said Simons, uneasily to himself.

"What's that, Simons?" asked Jim De-

land, our newsboy, who had just come in. "You here, Jim?" said he, his visage becoming considerably brighter; "I am glad of it. You see, the ticket agent has gone away, and I've got to stay here till the half-past one train, to see this confounded box aboard."

"What's in it?"

"Why, a corpse, to be sure. Stay and help me watch it."

"Couldn't see it!" replied Jim. "I've got a large family to look after, and can't be out nights; besides, I haven't no fancy a-sittin' up with dead folks. Look out, Simon, that a ghost don't rise out o' that er box. I'd be afraid, I should, you bet!" and with this parting injunction, Jim turned and strode away, whistling.

It was a dreary night indeed! Outside the rain poured incessantly, and the wind howled like a whole pack of demons let loose. Simon crept close to the fire, shivering with the cold or something else, perhaps fear.

"I wish it was one o'clock," said he, glancing fearfully over his shoulder at the long, narrow box upon the table. "I wonder who is in that, er box—a man or a woman? It must be a woman, for it ain't hardly long enough for a man. I'd like to know whether she was young or old. What car they be a-sending her out West to be buried for?"

Just then the wind came sweeping around one corner of the depot, howling and moaning like something human. Simons sprang out of his chair in fear.

"It can't be she's come to life again," he muttered.

The wail died away, and all was quiet once more. Simons' fears gradually subsided, and his head dropped lower and lower, till at last he was sound asleep.

It seemed lonesome to me. As the hours dragged on, I kept my eye on the narrow box, and fell to wondering, like him, who was in it: who it was that was taking this last journey over the road. Was she young? and I fell to picturing a sunny-haired, blue eyed lassie, who had gone home thus early—before sorrow and age had come to rob her of the soft peach-bloom in her cheeks, before the light had been quenched in the bright eyes, or the sunny hair had lost its first lustre.

After a time I grew weary of these speculations, and, like Simon, began to nod. Suddenly I was aroused by a light step on the depot floor. Looking up, I beheld a figure, entirely in white, making its way toward the table. It mounted it, and seated itself squarely upon the long, narrow box.

Presently I gave warning, and struck twelve. As I did so, Simon awoke with a start, and, turning abruptly, faced the white-robed figure seated on the box. His hair rose suddenly upon ends, his teeth chattered so that you could have heard them all over the room.

The figure on the box slowly rose and stretched out a shadowy arm in his direction. Simons became paralyzed with fear; he shrank into the farther corner and brandished his arms frantically. The figure dismounted from the table and advanced slowly toward him.

"Lord save me!" he yelled. "Git out o' this, git out o' this, I say! I ain't never done ye any harm. You needn't be a-gittin' out o' that box to haunt me. I hain't none o' your relations. O, Lord, save me!"

The figure never paused, but

THE TRIBUNE SNOW PLOW.

IT SUCCEEDS IN OPENING UP
A DRIFT OF LOCAL NEWS.

One Hundred and Seventy-five Pound
High Steam Pressure Engine
with a Faber, No. 2, Does
the Business.

Dunn & Co., Druggists, No. 92 Main
street.

Major Woods has donned the red rib-
bon and "sword" off.

Henry Gager was attacked with a slight
stroke of paralysis Sunday last.

There are business men in this city who
have had goods on the way from the east
for over forty days.

Billy Neck and Edith Valentine are not
with the Vincent combination any longer.
They are playing an engagement at the
Gem Theatre in the Hills.

Miss Nellie Comeford has opened a
drinking establishment on Fourth
street near the residence of Chas. Stanton,
and is prepared to do work warranted
to you on short notice.

At Fourteenth siding, for a distance of
twelve miles, the snow is shoveled up on
both sides of the track to the depth of ten
feet. This is the worst winter the N. P.
has ever encountered.

Flour has gone down—an eight-foot
embankment near Crystal Springs. A car
attached to yesterday's train jumped the
track, and was left in the ditch. It will
probably rise again to-day.

Dr. Mads, of Standing Rock, writes
that "please find amount of
confidence. Let us have the pleasant
visitor of 1859 repeated for 1880." You
shall have it Doctor. It may stimulate
you in your business.

Dan Eisenberg has leased the brick
store in Raymond's block, next to the
post office, occupied by John Rowland,
and is having it fixed up for a model dry
goods house. It will be elegantly kalso
mined and Mr. Hoaglund is now at work
on the shelving.

C. S. Weaver & Co. have lengthened
the tail of their windmill and it now
works to a charm. This is the only pri-
vate wind mill in Burleigh County, ex-
cept the Mandan *Criterium*. The mill
was erected near THE TRIBUNE office to
supply the deficiency of the stolen bel-
lows.

Sartor, the husband of Nellie Grant,
is in this country and has been visiting
Green Bay, Wis., for a month past. Be-
fore his marriage he made that city his
headquarters when in this country and
was a guest at the hotel of the late Mr.
Hartman. He will visit Bismarck next
fall and take a hunting trip in the upper
country.

The second quarterly meeting of the M.
C. Church will be held at City Hall Sat-
urday and Sunday, Feb. 7th and 8th. The
services will be as follows: Saturday
night, sermon by the pastor. Subject,
"The Lord's Supper." Sunday, love feast
at 10 a.m., followed by sermon and ad-
ministration of the Lord's Supper by J.
Walker Jackson, D. D. Usual service
Sunday evening.

Dan Lombard, formerly of THE TRIB-
UNE office, will have charge of the me-
dical department of the *Mixer*, a new
paper to be established at Rochford.

Lombard is the boy who walked from
Bismarck to Deadwood last summer, at
which city he arrived the morning of the
fire. He had heard nothing of the fire
till he reached the high mountain over-
looking the city where he saw the smok-
ing remains and remarked to himself,
"This is h—l!"

Rev. Mr. Stevens is holding services in
Mandan Tuesday evenings.

John A. Stoyell will visit Washington
while east to secure the release of Proctor.

The \$60 watch chain was won by Mr.
Kinney, who threw forty-three for a rail-
road boy.

Read's Gilt Edge Tonic gives permanent
relief in all choleric disorders.

Hay, Hay, Hay.

Choice hay in large quantities or by the ton.
Enquire of

J. W. RAYMOND

A Fresh Invoice.

of pork, tenderloins, Michigan cider by the quart,
gallon or barrel, and a full line of spices (in bulk)
and seasoning herbs at

CHAS. KUPITZ.

Wanted.

A good girl to do general house work at Dead-
wood. Wages, \$25 per month. Inquire of

J. W. RAYMOND.

Reference required.

Hamburg Edgings.

Hamburg Edgings at

DAN EISENBERG'S.

I have received a carload of
choice small hogs, which I can sell
at very low figures.

CHAS. KUPITZ.

Corn for Planting.

J. W. Millett raised near Bismarck, last year,
105 bushels of corn from one acre of land. It is a
twelve row variety—flint, of course—called
Champion Early. It matured last year in about
seventy days from planting. The ears are about
ten to twelve inches long and are as well filled
as any ever grown in Iowa or farther south. Mr.
Millett can supply seed in any quantity. The
corn can be seen at Champion Hall.

Just Received.

MALAGA GRAPES,
VALENCIA ORANGES,
MESSINA LEMONS,
CALIFORNIA PEARS,
SMYRNA FIGS, at
CHAS. KUPITZ'S.

CIGARS AND PLUG TOBACCOES
at wholesale at HOLLEMBEAK'S.

Bush & McBratney's

Billiard Parlor and Restaurant Mandan, is
open day and night. When you go over call and
"smile" and get a number one meal.

Lamps and Shades,

at cost at Hollembaek's.

Bannigan & Mathew's.

Mandan, have their bar stocked with the best of
liquors and cigars. Be sure to stop there.

A Fragrant Breath and Pearly Teeth.

Are easily obtained by cleansing your teeth daily
with that justly popular dentifrice, SOZODONT.
Composed of rare antiseptic herbs, it
imparts whiteness to the teeth, a delicious aroma
to the breath, and preserves intact, from
child to old age, the teeth. Acidity of the
stomach will destroy the strongest teeth unless
its effects are counteracted with SOZODONT,
and its pure tooth-wash protects the central sur-
faces by removing every impurity that adheres
to them. Ask your druggist for SOZODONT.

For Sale.

The new paper is not an exception
to the rule. It will be published by a
young man not afraid of his whisky.

That papers from Deadwood reach here
three days sooner than from St. Paul. At
least they have during the past month.

That McGowan, of the Custer House,
considers that he has one of the best cooks
in the country, which is seconded by the
guests.

That the young man with a narrow-
brimmed hat got away with the railroad
boys and others to the tune of \$100 shak-
ing dice Monday.

That it is rumored that the new paper
will be printed with red ink, emblematic

IT IS A FACT.

That a fact you cannot deny.
That yesterday was a warm day.
That Hurd has recovered his cap.
That there is strong talk of another new
paper.

That Northern Dakota is a hunter's
paradise.

That Whitney will have two new stars
next week.

That Dr. Bigelow, the dentist, has a
fine practice.

That the sale of the Eclipse takes place
next Thursday.

That Joe Pennell has lost money on his
Meade contract.

That the government telegraph office
is kept very busy.

That there is but little real good hay
left in this vicinity.

That old barrels and boxes on the side-
walks are a nuisance.

That government "pap" is not as plenty
and fat as it used to be.

That the first issue of the Sun made its
appearance last Tuesday.

That THE TRIBUNE gained fifty-two
subscribers last month.

That Mr. Baker's city bottling works
are doing a good business.

That Bush & McBratney, Mandan,
have a fine restaurant and saloon.

That it is very doubtful if the services
of Dan Scott can be obtained for the new
paper.

That preparations are being made for
an immense amount of breaking this
season.

That a man feels better when he is get-
ting drunk than he does when recovering
therefrom.

That there are more dogs to the square
inch in Bismarck than in any other city
on the line.

That the carpenters are all busy and
state that they have good contracts for
next season.

That R. R. Marsh has a first class lunch
counter and oyster house at No. 14 North
Fourth street.

That antelope and deer come within
gun shot of the Sheridan House moon-
light nights.

That this year's crop of ice is about
two and a half feet thick against three
feet last year.

That it snowed so hard Wednesday
that for a few moments it was impossible
to see across the street.

That there are five Sundays in this
month. This will not occur again in the
month of February until 1920.

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of the red ribbon hall in which the paper
will be published.

That the Jamestown Alert claims that
E. R. Wells' new residence at that town
is the finest on the line.

Minneapolis Hotels.

The St. Paul Dispatch concedes that
Minneapolis has good hotels. This is
the first time the Dispatch ever conceded
anything good to Minneapolis.—*Minne-
apolis Tribune*.

That is because the concession is a libel
on the city. What Minneapolis needs
more than anything else is a hotel cor-
responding to the Merchants Hotel, St.
Paul. The truth is, Minneapolis has but
one first-class hotel, and the manage-
ment of that has taken advantage of people
so long that Minneapolis is avoided
by hundreds of people who will not stop
at that house, and do not find the accom-
modations that they desire at other houses,
and so stop at St. Paul, where they do
find what they want. Commercial trav-
elers, tradesmen, etc., do find good accom-
modations at the Merchants Hotel, Minne-
apolis, and others of its class, but tourists
and others are forced to a great extent put
up with anything, including frequent
lack of courtesy, excessive prices, etc., to
be found at the Nicollet House, or stay
away. It does seem to the TRIBUNE that
there is wealth and enterprise enough in
Minneapolis to put in a second first-class
hotel, which if placed in popular hands
will draw far more to Minneapolis than
half a dozen big opera house schemes
and surely do more for the city than
would a large increase in its manufacturing
facilities. It is no credit to Minneapolis
that it doesn't sustain but one so-
called first-class hotel, and no morning
newspaper. The capitalists of that city
had better brush the cobwebs from their
eyes, and supply this want. It will add
immensely to the business of the city, and
will prove a bonanza indeed to its man-
agement.

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an immense amount of breaking this
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is the finest on the line.

NEW DRIED BLACKBERRIES, TURKISH PRUNES, ALDEN APPLES, VALENCIA RAISINS, ENG. Currants.

CHAS KUPITZ.

Money to Lend.

Terms satisfactory to suit borrowers.

M. P. SLATTERY.

12m4 Third Street, Bismarck, D. T.

COMBS, BRUSHES, toilet articles, etc., at HOLLEMBEAK'S.

CHAS KUPITZ.

For Sale or Rent.

The store occupied by E. Menkus on Third
Street. Apply to

M. P. SLATTERY.

Hay and Oats For Sale.

Hay in stacks or delivered in town. Inquire of

Henry Suttle, one mile south of town on the
Apple Creek road.

For Sale.

The Echart farm one mile and a half south of

Bismarck, containing 100 acres. Also farm
machinery. Apply to the undersigned.

W. H. HARMON,

PT. A. LINCOLN D. T., Jan. 10, 1880.

Cheap Coal.

Ladies, if you want a cloak cheap go to